

Food Wars

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Summary: On which was supposed to be a slightly normal day on Berk, a battle rages inside Mead Hall, and while the weapons are tasty, the fighting is fierce, and Hiccup just wants to survive without something really going wrong.

Food Wars

**Soli Deo gloria**

****DISCLAIMER:** I do NOT own HTTYD. Here's a little one-shot. All those in italics are of Hiccup narrating like he did in the movie. *Gulps* I hope he survives. *Throws a pie at Snotlout who was about to plow down Ruffnut with a loaf of bread* Getting ahead of myself? I'll fill ya in. *Clears throat* This is Berk. . .**

This is Berk. A village inhabited by Vikings. A lot of Vikings. A lot of Vikings and dragons. There's a lot of both. We can be mean, nasty, and temperamental. We can be a lot of things, and we can also be bored, like normal people. And when we get bored, we either go flying, or go over to Mead Hall, you know, you talk and drink there, lots of company. Yes, there's a lot to do at Mead Hall, but there's something that sometimes happens that doesn't normally happen. What is this strange phenomenon? I like to call it a . . .
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"FOOD FIGHT!" Hiccup could make out Snotlout's voice calling for the hundredth time above the hubbub. His voice was instantly accompanied by even more pies and bowls of stew. Hiccup cringed and tried to make himself shorter. He was leaning against an upturned table. He groaned and looked up to see the wall in front of him covered with bits and pieces of what was someone's lunch. He gulped when he heard Tuffnut and Ruffnut cheering and Fishlegs screaming; he was no doubt being terrorized by the twins.

How is it that we were all caught up in this war? _In reality,

Snotlout started it, but it was the twins who provoked it and made it angry. Let's go back to when the six of us (who usually get along without giving each other minor to major injuries) were trying to get lunch. _

The six teens spotted a table near the middle of the large building known as Mead Hall and decided to dine there. Hiccup took a seat next to Astrid, who sat next to Fishlegs. The twins were sitting across from them and Snotlout was just taking his seat next to Tuffnut. No way would he want to sit next to Ruffnut; she kinda scared him, and it was hard to make a Viking scared.

"And then when Meatlug flew under the cliff, I noticed that she was wavering from side to side. Do you think that that's normal for Gronckles or do you think it's a symptom of some dragon disease we know nothing about?" Fishlegs asked Hiccup, worried etched onto his face. Since Hiccup had trained the first dragon ever, to Fishlegs he was now a know-it-all dictionary about dragons. That was about the sixth question Fishlegs had asked him that hour alone.

"I . . . don't know. I'll . . . check her out once we're done," Hiccup told him. Fishlegs nodded. That was a good enough answer for him.

"Well, I'm hungry. What are we gettin'?" Astrid wanted to know. Mead Hall didn't have a menu per say. Everyone knew by heart what they served and having to read something off of a piece of parchment was viewed as something that Vikings would only do in a horrible circumstance.

"What the real question is who's going to go order it?" Snotlout asked, leaning forward. Without so much as a slight twinge of hesitation, the other five teens immediately pointed at him. Snotlout slouched and sighed as he stood up, knowing that there really was no point in arguing if it made the time in getting food even more far away and asked, "What do ya what?"

A moment later Snotlout was running away from their table, hands plastered over his ears. They were loud, and by loud, I mean Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and by Ruffnut and Tuffnut, I mean Ruffnut yelling over her brother's voice, and yeah, everything else is pretty much literal.

"Do you think he'll come back?" Astrid wondered.

Ruffnut smirked as she used her hands to create a sort of soft pillow for her head. "Probably not."

"Yeah, old lump braids here scared him off," Tuffnut pointed out. This earned him his helmet being yanked over his eyes by his annoyed sister.

Hiccup cringed and hoped that Snotlout would come back soon.

In fact, he wasn't the only one. Astrid's head was being propped up by her hands, her elbows digging into the rough table. She let out a slight sigh and watched Tuffnut and Ruffnut poke each other in the arm. For once, the twins seemed like they were content not to wrestle.

Fishlegs had gone and turned into the newly written dragon manual. He was turned to Hiccup, who was tapping his fingers on the table, and was reciting everything about Gronckles' and what some symptoms are for a particular class.

Snotlout, when Legs starts ranting about dragons shedding scales, it's about time to hurry up.

All five heads turned when they saw Snotlout return, balancing bowls of stew on his beefy arms. About time too, for Fishlegs was about to start on the strike class.

_Snotlout, for his idea of fun, (and most likely getting back at us for making him be a waiter), went and threw the bowls at us.

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"Catch!" Snotlout yelled. One of his large hands held on protectively to one of the bowls while he threw back his arms and used his long limbs as catapults.

Fishlegs and Tuffnut promptly yelped; Hiccup and Astrid were barely able to catch theirs and place them on the one safe place, the table, when Fishlegs made their bench turn over. Snotlout's launching had thrown the bowls haphazardly, one of them nearly over to the next table. This was the one that Fishlegs reached for. When he leaned out to catch it, his sheer body weight made the bench turn over. Hiccup and Astrid landed promptly on their backs.

Hiccup groaned and reached out to rub his head. He was going to have a large bruise there for sure. Maybe a scar. Everyone adored scars, even if it came from his head being planted into the floor of Mead Hall. He could hear Fishlegs on the floor as well, putting the bench back where it was.

Astrid groaned again and stood up. Blowing her bangs out of her eyes and glaring at Snotlout, she reached out a hand to Hiccup. Even though he was a Viking and should not need help for things like this, he couldn't help but grasp her wrist. She pulled him up and turned back to Snotlout, who practically everyone was glaring at.

_He's such a great cousin. _

Ruffnut scowled as she yanked off her helmet, which was covered in greasy stew. Her bowl had gone upside down and on top of her head. "What was that for, idiot?"

"Wow, I thought you guys were better catchers," Snotlout said as if to talk to himself. He grinned smugly.

That grin was all that Ruffnut needed to see to prompt her to do something very Ruffnut-like. Her stare at Snotlout didn't waver as her fingers traced along the table. They found Tuffnut's stew, which was strewn all across the table. An evil grin crossed her face as she grabbed some and threw it at Snotlout's face.

Hiccup couldn't help but cringe as the stew made a satisfying glub! when it hit Snotlout's face. Ruffnut smirked and Tuffnut grinned.

Snotlout gulped, annoyed, as he wiped at the stew with his chubby fingers, grease pouring down his face and onto the floor. Ruffnut and Tuffnut were about to go into fits of giggles when he launched his bowl at Ruffnut, which hit her squarely on her shirt.

Tuffnut took this act on his sister as a personal offense and grabbed Fishlegs' bowl and threw it at Snotlout. Astrid decided that Snotlout needed help, even though he did start all this himself, and threw her bowl at Tuffnut.

_Let's just say that this started an all-out war. _

The whole hall had exploded into a food flinging place of battle. All the tables and benches had been pushed onto their sides, making great places to hide behind. Hiccup swore he could see Ack running around with a barrel lid and ladle in place of the normal shield and sword.

All Hiccup had been hit with was a handful of blackberries that was going to stain his vest if he didn't take care of it soon. Like he wanted to have a great, big and black blotch on his clothes. He only hoped that those berries were the last thing he was going to be hit with.

He was wrong, however. Even though he was shorter than the upturned table, someone had somehow managed to nick his head with a loaf of bread, which was rock-hard after sitting in the pantry for probably weeks.

Hiccup merely cringed and closed his eyes, hoping that it would all just go away. It was hard to envision it going away, however, when you could hear Astrid's hearty battle laugh of victory and the oh! noise of someone getting hit in the face.

Maybe the fire-lit candles in the Hall would get extinguished and no one would be able to see. Maybe that would end it. Hiccup quickly began to plan out how to extinguish the dozens and possibly hundreds of candles when he looked up to see a chicken nestling comfortably on a large candle. It had somehow managed to cover the candle with it still having oxygen to stay alit, and so instead of extinguishing the light, it fed it and kept it alive.

Hiccup's plan quickly turned to ashes.

He folded his arms and tried to stay hidden. The only upside, he could see, was that the dragons weren't in here. I mean, he loved them all, but he'd rather not look up to see a slobber-covered raw piece of fish ready to drop on his head.

Maybe, he thought miserably as he watched a shower of mussels rain down next to him, his dad would come in and put a stop to this. He only hoped that if he saw all this, he wouldn't join in too. If he did, there was no hope for this to end.

At the moment, with no plan or visible distraction to get out of Mead Hall without becoming a walking lunch, Hiccup was content to just sit and try not to get hit. Maybe his ability to be small was finally coming into use.

Oh snap.

Was that Astrid?

Hiccup instantly scrambled to turn around. He carefully pulled himself up to look over the table. The Hall was looking worst by the second. Food was flying every which way, colliding into faces of food covered Vikings, like Astrid for example.

Hiccup watched with a sort of annoyed look on his face when he spotted Astrid wiping off a large splotch of porridge, a look of pure annoyance and anger growing on her face. He slowly turned to see Snotlout doubling over with laughter. It was plainly obvious that even though Snotlout was a flirt with Astrid, he could indeed, in times like these, treat her like a normal Viking.

And Hiccup really couldn't stand for that.

He straightened up and looked around. There was a bowl full of walnuts laying around, still embedded in their shells. His fingers slowly found the bowl as he watched Astrid run at Snotlout, and they both started to wrestle. Hiccup's prosthetic had stepped into a pile of mush, but Hiccup didn't care. At the moment. He would have to clean the metal appendage tonight, though. Cleaning his prosthetic was the last thing on his mind now, however, when Hiccup managed to grab a handful of nuts and with a grunt, threw them at Snotlout.

He thought his plan was good, except for the fact that the walnuts also pelted Astrid. The chief's nephew and the blonde both instantly stopped shoving, and both turned to see Hiccup cringing.

If looks could kill, Hiccup would be dead.

Astrid and Snotlout immediately shared an evil grin and both darted around the room, cleverly evading the catapulted lunches. Hiccup groaned and sank down behind his makeshift fort. He could hide and hope that something hit Snotlout and Astrid, causing their interests to shift to something besides him.

"HICCUP!" filled his ears, however. His hopes for Astrid getting hit must have come true, for her cry sounded instead of that of revenge, it sounded like it was filled with a plea for help.

Hiccup, at the spur of the moment adrenaline he just acquired, immediately stood up and called, "Astrid?"

He looked around and spotted Astrid looking at him, covered in food and sporting a new bruise, but instead of looking injured, she positively glowed. With a delighted and somewhat evil smirk, she yelled, "PAYBACK!" And promptly threw a raw fish at him. He really didn't know how she had gotten her hands on a _raw _fish, but he had no time to think about that for the slimy creature hit it squarely on the forehead.

He let it slide off before blinking, watching Astrid giggle at her perfect hit.

He let a smirk cross his face as he looked and grabbed a bowl of stew.

Payback? This means war.

"Hey, Astrid!" Hiccup yelled, and the bowl of stew flew across the room, zooming through unharmed by the countless amounts of flying food items.

Hiccup pumped his fist as it sailed closer to Astrid. Was he actually doing something right for once?

Astrid was watching him the whole time and when the bowl came plowing at her, she gasped and ducked as quickly as she could. The bowl zoomed past her, going on through the room (Hiccup had had a lot of adrenaline) and hit Stoick the Vast squarely in the face.

The doors to the Mead Hall were silently closed by Gobber, who surveyed the mess, somewhat horrified and somewhat peeved for not participating. He joined Stoick's side as the Chief cleared his throat and wiped the stew off of his face onto the floor and beard, his face boiling hot pink underneath.

Their presence instantly made everyone in the room fall silent. The food anyone was holding was quickly dropped; Snotlout, who was about to make Tuffnut eat a raw turnip, quickly dropped it, his arms falling to his sides.

Hiccup groaned and held his head in his hands. Of all the people to hit. . .

"Who threw that?" Stoick asked solemnly. His voice lacked anger and was filled with disappointment instead, so it seemed. Everyone along the sides and walls of Mead Hall looked over to the back of Mead Hall where Hiccup was standing and at the same time, pointed to him.

Hiccup's hands fell from his head and he looked up to see his father on the other side of the room, clearly vexed and annoyed. Hiccup winced and tried to think of a thing to say. He cleared his throat, sighed, and said the only thing he could think of:

"Sorry, Dad."

Oh yeah, awkweird ending. He he he he. For some reason, in real life, I really, REALLY want to be in a food fight. It just sounds . . . fun. Please leave a review! :D

End
file.